

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 19.

Boston, December, 1886.

No. 7.



OUR ST. BERNARD.

GOD give you merry Christmas,
And a bright and glad New Year;

Abundant health, sufficient wealth,
Firm friends your days to cheer;

A trusting heart that knows no art,
And a soul that knows no fear.

BARRY OF ST. BERNARD.

They say that the best dog in the world was "Barry," the mastiff of St. Bernard's. In the early part of this century—that is, when our grandfathers and grandmothers themselves were babies—Barry saved forty human beings from death. His most memorable achievement was the rescue of a boy whose mother had been swept away by an avalanche. The dog carried the boy on his back to the hospice of the monks of Great St. Bernard. The stuffed skin of Barry is still to be seen at Berne, and little children, who know the story, throw kisses at him as they stand by his glass-case in the museum there. — *Golden Days*.

RICKIE'S CHRISTMAS DOG.

BY MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON.

The building was old and brown, with broken wooden steps, and broken window panes, pasted over with newspapers or stuffed with rags. It leaned over towards the right, as though a storm might lay it in a heap of rubbish at any moment.

Seventeen families lived in this shelter. None of them had a carpet, very few had any beds, and fewer still had any tables or chairs. Sometimes there was a stove upon which two or three families cooked. There was a pinched baby in nearly every room, and in some, two or three of them. There were drunken mothers in some, boisterous and low, and there were pale, famished things in others, that had no kinship with sin, only with sorrow. There were older children that roamed the streets, picked up pieces from the gutters, got a penny now and then to buy a roll, stole some of the half oranges from the dirty women at the stands, drained the dregs of the beer glasses in the near-at-hand saloons, and sang obscene songs and "Hold the Fort" with the same energy and apparently with the same relish.

The room was clean, but bare. There was a well-worn comforter in the corner, a little old stove and a broken stool. On the blanket lay an old man, who seemed seventy, but perhaps was not over fifty. His eyes were red, his cheeks hollow and wrinkled, and his chin trembled like his hands.

"How much d'ye bring to-night, gal?" he said, getting up on one elbow. "Cold, are ye, and comin' so late? I'll make it warm for ye. Never bring home 'nuf to buy a sup with. Go out and get a big mug of beer, and be quick, mind ye. That's what gals is fur!"

The shivering child took up the mug and went out. Rickie was a thin, pale creature, between eight and nine years of age, with straight black hair, big black eyes, and a set, hard expression about the mouth. She never remembered her mother, though some of the old crones told her "she was a decent thing, but give it up early 'cause she couldn't stand beatin' so much; didn't drink nothin', but the old man drunk 'nuff for two!"

Rickie had received a good many kindnesses at the hands of these rough women. When she was a wee thing and the drunken father kept a saloon and earned some money, they often got her out of his arms to save her from cruelty, for the sake of her poor, dead mother.

Afterwards he drank too much to be even a saloon-keeper, and managed to keep from starvation only by going occasionally to Blackwell's

Island and living on what Rickie got from selling newspapers.

Sometimes she went to mission school, and then got whipped for being pious. Sometimes she wished she was dead, or her old father was. She wondered if there was really any heaven, as some folks said, and she knew for sure there was a hell, and knew somebody who would go there. The good times of her life had been few and far between.

Christmas never brought anything to her save once. A year ago, the man of whom she bought papers, had a tender thought wander into his busy brain one day, bought some pretty plaid flannel, and some lady friends of his made her a dress. She wore it very seldom; it was so fine she thought, and she had put it on to-day, this Christmas, to feel how nice and strange it would be to be dressed up again. She had wished all day, as she slipped along the snowy pavement, that she had some new shoes. The old ones were so full of holes that, used as she was to jeers and cuffs, she had pride enough to stoop as she walked, that nobody might see how poor they were in contrast with a good dress. Bright stockings and mittens looked warm in the shop windows, but those could not be had, and the hands could be wrapped now and then in a black shawl that she wore upon the head, and pinned under her pale, thin face.

She was late home to-night, and sorrowful. Some of the big houses looked so bright, and Christmas trees were in the windows—the tree part she guessed God made, "but how wonderful prettier folks had made 'em after him." She thought sometimes it would be fun to have a doll to look at, but then she never had time to play. There was just one thing in the world that she loved, and one thing that loved her. When she first sold papers a black puppy had made friends with her, both friendless and as good as homeless. They seemed to understand each other. Strange, the drunken father had never objected to this pet. One of the men in the shanty had made him a big kennel. As often as she could, she bought an extra loaf of bread, and she and the shaggy Newfoundland shared it together. His eyes were so kind, and he would rub his great head against her face, and nobody ever caressed her but "Bonne." Somebody had said this word meant good, and as he was the only good thing she ever knew, she called him thus. Frequently she slept with him when the besotted father had driven her from the home.

"Home with the beer, are ye? Now git us the bit ye got to eat. Gal, ye've grown wondrous like your mother. Why don't ye talk more and be civil-like?"

"I was thinkin'," she made answer.

"Thinkin' o' what?"

"Thinkin' how I wish ye wouldn't drink beer, so we could ha' Christmas like other folks!"

"Nonsense, gal! Couldn't live without it. When ye get married," he said in an undertone, "ye better git a feller what don't use it, though. Knocks up a man pretty quick."

The potatoes were soon boiling, and a bit of steak fried, a novelty that only came into the house on rare occasions. Bonne had already received one good mouthful of it, with the information that this day was Christmas, "the day when somebody, the only good one in the world besides Bonne, was born," they said; somebody who had gone up to heaven. May be he knew her mother. If she knew more about the place, she thought she would like to go.

The supper tasted good, she was so cold and tired, and she was almost happy down in her heart, because she had saved money enough to buy a cheap pair of shoes, and a ten-cent ribbon to tie around Bonne's neck. Bonne knew nearly as much about Christmas as she, and the blue ribbon which she bought coming home, the first money she had ever spent for foolish things, would make him know all about it, when she put it on his neck and told him.

"Where you goin'?" the man said, after supper, as Rickie fastened the black shawl around her.

"On the street."

"Fur what, this time o' night? Ain't the papers all sold?"

"Yes; but I want to look in the windows, and see the pretty things."

"Nonsense! Ye can't fool me. Ye've got money in yer pocket!"

How she wished she had run away and never come back, as she often thought she would, but who would care for Bonne? And after all the world is so full of sorrow that we only run from one trouble into another.

"Give me the money," he said, as Rickie started for the door. "Will ye?"

"No!"

"Then I'll break every bone in yer body!" and he beat her as though she were a brute.

She cried a little—she didn't cry much now, she was beaten so often, and then she belonged to him—the law made her his, and there was no help for it. All the people in those tumble-down houses among the saloons were used to fights. It doesn't take many years for liquor to do its work. A man soon loses all there is of manhood in him.

He took the money and staggered out. Rickie was alone. There was no need to go upon the street now. What good would the pretty things do her? She hoped he wouldn't come back. She didn't love him: how could she? She sat there waiting, hardly knowing why or for what, till the fire went out in the old stove. It was getting towards midnight, and he did not come; perhaps he would beat her again if he did. She would go out and tie the blue ribbon on Bonne's neck, and lie down in his kennel.

"Bonne, dear Bonne," she said, as she fastened on the ribbon in the dark. "I wish I could see how ye look now. This's a poor Christmas—poor Christmas! Hope we shan't never have no more such. I'm so cold, Bonne! Let me get between your paws and go to sleep. He beat me so and hurt me, he'll never go to see the man what was born on this day. He was born in a kennel, a'most like this, Bonne, and mebbe folks what die in kennels like this will wake up where HE is. I'm so cold, dear, dear Bonne!" and she put her arms around the great shaggy neck, and went to sleep.

In the morning a policeman found the drunken father at the foot of the old wooden steps. There would never come any more Christmas days to him. Then they searched for Rickie, and found her clasped in Bonne's great warm paws, but she was dead. Maybe some folks that die in kennels like this do go up where He is, who was born on Christmas day.

Professor in astronomy: "Mr. J., can you tell me what constellation the sun will enter next?" "Can't Sir." Professor: "Correct—the constellation of Cancer."



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost, to every person who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy, — how to form, what to do, how to do it. To every Band formed in America of thirty or more, we send, also without cost, "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a copy of "Band of Mercy" songs and hymns. To every American teacher who forms a Band of twenty or more, we send the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

All we require is simply signing our pledge: I will try to be kind to all *harmless* living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member of the "Parent American Band of Mercy,"* and a "Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women, not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Formed by Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

5268. Santa Cruz, Cal. Samaritan Band. P., Prof. D. C. Clark. S., C. H. Holly.
 5269. Tecumseh, Neb. P., W. H. Holmes. S., Mrs. Warren Holmes.
 5271. North Cohasset, Mass. Riverside Band. P., Z. Leavitt Beal. V. P., W. O. Beal. S., Mrs. Hattie E. West. T., Ida W. Beal.
 5272. Ann Arbor, Mich. P., Jennie Hatch.
 5273. Ann Arbor, Mich. Fifth Ward Public School, Band. P., John Corcoran.
 5274. Auburndale, Mass. Home School. Bird's-Nest Band. P., Wesley B. Churchill. S., Ralph H. Plumb.
 5287. Des Plaines, Ill. P., Mrs. I. N. W. Sherman.
- TEACHERS' BANDS.
748. Three Rivers, Mich. Rosebud Band. P., Orra Schofer. S., Mattie B. Lyon.
 749. Three Rivers, Mich. Autumn Leaf Band. P., Henry Timm. S., Lillian Phelps.
 750. Doniphan, Neb. Golden Rule Band. P., Harry Hubbell. S., Agnes Frew.
 751. Germantown, Ky. Blue-grass Band. P., Hervey Asbury. S., Lulu Gregg.
 752. Santa Cruz, Cal. Golden Rule Band. P. & S., Nina L. Archibald.
 753. Huntsville, Texas. The Sam Houston Normal's Band. P., Mrs. A. C. Campbell. V. P., Mollie Anderson. S., Mrs. V. Kerr.
 754. Stanton, Florida. Sunnyside Band. P., Flora Paddock.
 755. Dutch Flat, Cal. Little Workers Band. P. & S., Clara E. Martin.
 756. Grand Tower, Ill. P., Archibald Sumers. S., Olivia Cobb.
 757. Mobile, Alabama. Owen Band. P., Geo. A. Pearce.
 758. Waelder, Texas. Martha Washington Band. P., Arlie H. Butler.
 759. San Francisco, Cal. Prohibition Band. P. & S., N. E. Boyd.
 760. Newark, Ohio. Excelsior Band. P., Anna Lee. S., Eugene Ball.
 761. Milwaukee, Wis. Isaac Newton Band. P., Dora Burmaeister. S., Jacob E. Hoenes. Eureka, Kansas. East Side Schools.
 762. Excelsior Band. P., W. C. Stevenson.
 5283. Intermediate Band. P., P. Baird.
 - 5284.

764. H. G. J. Band.
5285. P., Carrie E. Crane.
765. Primary Band.
5286. P., Kate W. Benson.

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

AT Christmas tide in Norway land,
Upon the house's eaves fast bound,
A sheaf of wheat is firmly set
For hungry birds that flock around.

The farmer, as he heaps his board
With goodly meats and Christmas cheer,
Does not forget that God's dear birds,
Man's feathered pensioners, are near.

A lesson of the wondrous Star
Breathes sweetly from this simple tale, —
To one who constant kindness shows,
God's tender mercy ne'er shall fail.

THE NATIVITY: CHRISTMAS HYMN.

NIGHT of wonder, night of glory;
Night all solemn and serene,
Night of old prophetic story,
Such as time has never seen;
Sweetest darkness, softest blue,
That these fair skies ever knew.

Night of beauty, night of gladness,
Night of nights — of nights the best,
Not a cloud to speak of sadness,
Not a star but sings of rest:
Holy midnight, beaming peace,
Never shall thy radiance cease.

Happy city, dearest, fairest,
Blessed, blessed Bethlehem!
Least, yet greatest, noblest, rarest,
Judah's ever sparkling gem;
Out of thee there comes the light
That dispelleth all our night.

Now thy King to thee descendeth,
Borne upon a woman's knee;
To thy gates his step He bendeth,
To the manger cometh He;
David's Lord and David's Son,
This His cradle, this His throne.

He, the lowliest of the lowly,
To our sinful world has come;
He, the holiest of the holy,
Cannot find a human home.
All for us He yonder lies,
All for us He lives and dies.

Babe of weakness, child of glory,
At Thy cradle thus we bow;
Poor and sad Thy earthly story,
Yet the King of Glory Thou;
By all heaven and earth adorned,
David's Son and David's Lord.

Light of life, Thou livest yonder,
Shining in Thy heavenly love,
Naught from Thee our souls shall sunder,
Naught from us shall Thee remove.
Take these hearts and let them be
Throne and cradle both to Thee!

—Horatius Bonar, D. D.

"KNEWSOOT" is the way a Massachusetts schoolboy wrote "new suit."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, December, 1886.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

At the November meeting of Directors, held on the 17th, President Angell reported the receipt of a legacy of \$500 from the estate of D. D. Kelly of East Boston, and another of the same amount from the estate of Benj. Thaxter of Boston. The Society's publications are being sent to all lawyers, all clergymen, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, and all the school committees, school superintendents and public school teachers of the State. President Angell read a letter from General P. A. Collins, announcing that President Cleveland would, in his next annual message, call the attention of Congress to the importance of a law to protect animals in territories. The directors voted to petition Congress for such a law, and that Geo. T. Angell, Hon. Samuel C. Cobb, J. Boyle O'Reilly, J. Murray Forbes, Samuel E. Sawyer, Geo. Noyes and Wm. H. Baldwin, be a committee of seven to present the petition and do all matters and things in relation to the same. The Society's Boston officers have dealt with 169 cases of cruelty during the month, and killed mercifully 56 horses and other animals. 5282 "Bands of Mercy" have been formed in the United States and Canada.

CLERGY, LAWYERS, TEACHERS.

"Go Ye into all the World and Preach the Gospel to every Creature."

We have sent during the past month about seventy thousand copies of our humane publications to the lawyers, clergy, (Protestant and Roman Catholic) school committees, school superintendents, and public school teachers of Massachusetts. If our "Missionary Fund" were large enough we should be glad, using our own publications or those of other humane societies, to do the same work in every State and Territory. If our "Missionary Fund" shall grow sufficiently we shall be glad to send a live missionary to found societies in States and Territories where they are most needed. If not, then we will do the next best thing by sending out our paper missionaries as widely as possible to preach the gospel to every creature.

MISSIONARY FUND.

Received from various New York friends through G. K., \$25.00; previously received, \$166.00; total amount of Missionary Fund to date, \$191.00. When the fund is large enough the Missionary will start. G. T. A.

A COUNTRY youth wishes to know "how long girls should be courted." Why just the same as short girls, of course.

The following Letters explain themselves:

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

BOSTON, Nov. 6, 1886.

Hon. PATRICK A. COLLINS, Member of Congress.

Dear General: In 1878, President Hayes kindly put in his message to Congress what I wrote him in regard to the importance of additional laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals in transportation. I have at present, from reliable sources, most indisputable evidence of great cruelty to cattle and other dumb beasts in several of our western territories where there are no laws to protect them.

I had the pleasure this summer of helping to form a Humane Society in North Dakota, but there, as in all the other territories, the Society cannot act without proper laws. The directors of our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will probably, at their next monthly meeting, vote to petition Congress for such a law, and the President can greatly aid our petition by calling the attention of Congress to the subject in his next annual message. Last winter I had the pleasure of telling the sixty one large public schools of Boston that the President was a member of our "American Band of Mercy," from which, founded a little over four years ago in our offices, have been formed in the United States over five thousand branches with about four hundred thousand members, and that he wore our badge at Rochester while several thousands of the pupils of the public schools filed by him in procession.

I should be glad, through the columns of the next issue of our monthly paper after his coming message, to say to all the humane societies of the country and the world that the President has recommended to Congress the enactment of laws for the protection of animals in our western territories.

Can you aid me in calling the President's attention to this subject and entitle yourself to a vote of thanks from the innumerable millions of dumb creatures that roam over our western hills and prairies?

In behalf of all these,

Very respectfully,

Geo. T. ANGELL,
President of the Massachusetts Society for the
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

In answer to the above letter, General Collins assured us that he would call the President's attention to the matter, and on November 15th, wrote as follows:

BOSTON, Nov. 15, 1886.

My Dear Mr. Angell: I saw the President specially on your matter. He expressed great surprise that no law existed in the territories, and promised to recommend legislation in his message.

He said also that he would send to the Department of Justice about the matter.

I am, yours very truly,

PATRICK A. COLLINS.
Geo. T. ANGELL, Esq.

At the monthly meeting of our directors, held November 17th, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals does hereby most respectfully petition the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress about to

assemble, that they will enact a law to protect dumb animals in the various territories of the United States from unnecessary cruelty, and that our President, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., Hon. Samuel C. Cobb, J. Boyle O'Reilly, Samuel E. Sawyer, J. Murray Forbes, George Noyes and William H. Baldwin be a committee of seven to present our petition and do all matters and things relating to the same, which, in their judgment, may aid in obtaining a suitable law.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" AND CANVASSERS.

This paper is not published to make money—but simply to do good. It has two objects, 1st: to enable us to talk to and with all those who are interested in our work, and 2nd: to interest others who have never hitherto given special attention to the subject. For the purpose last named, we would be glad to extend its circulation to a million copies each month, and to that end we would be glad to have a thousand canvassers at work.

Any man, woman, boy or girl who secures us four to ten subscribers at fifty cents each, can deduct, from money remitted, five cents for each subscriber—any one securing from ten to twenty-five such subscribers, can deduct ten cents for each subscriber—any one securing from twenty-five to fifty subscribers, can deduct fifteen cents for each subscriber—any one securing from fifty to one hundred subscribers, can deduct twenty cents for each subscriber, and any one securing over a hundred subscribers, can deduct twenty-five cents for each subscriber. Specimen copies to be shown will be furnished gratis to all who wish to try their luck as canvassers. Every subscriber you get will be helping dumb animals, and if you get enough to make it profitable to yourselves, so much the better. We shall be glad to have a thousand men, women, boys and girls canvassing in the state, the country and the world for "Our Dumb Animals," and if they canvass at the same time for other humane papers, so much the better. We should be glad to raise the circulation of every humane paper in the country to a million and more.

Of our November number we printed thirty thousand.

W. A.

Coming down Washington street this morning we saw a horse drawing a loaded coal wagon turn eagerly to the fountain at Blackstone square. We watched him as he drank the clear water, his whole face the picture of happiness. On that fountain is inscribed the initials, "the gift of W. A., 1872"—William Appleton—one of our first board of directors.

And we thought if the immortal spirit of our former and perhaps present friend is cognizant of things here, the proudest monument in Mt. Auburn could not give him a hundredth part the satisfaction of that one fountain.

Add a hundred dollars to the value of your young horses by raising them properly.

OUR OFFER.

We call particular attention to our offer to those forming "Bands of Mercy," occupying, with the cut, an entire page of this paper: also to the certificate of membership in another column.

We regret to announce the death at Gloucester, Mass., on Nov. 23d, of Caroline S., wife of Mr. Joseph L. Stevens, our secretary, — a good woman, highly respected, who after long suffering has gone to the better land.

PHILADELPHIA.

It was with deep regret we learned, too late for notice in our November paper, of the death, at Philadelphia, of the excellent mother of Mrs. Caroline Earle White, President of the Woman's Branch of the Pennsylvania Society, at a very advanced age. We have several times had the pleasure of meeting this good woman, whose kind face and kind words we shall never forget.

MAINE.

We are glad to know of the good work being done by Mrs. Bishop Eastburn and Miss I. C. Hamilton in the State of Maine, both in founding "Bands of Mercy" and in endeavoring to awaken the people to the importance of a Society P. C. A., which shall have jurisdiction throughout the entire State.

OMAHA.

We are pleased to learn that Wm. H. Baldwin, Jr., son of our director and good friend, Wm. H. Baldwin, President of the Young Men's Christian Union, has been aiding in the formation of a Society P. C. A. at Omaha, Nebraska.

(For "Our Dumb Animals.")

HUMANE LIST IN SCHOOLS.

Last year I did considerable to encourage kindness to animals. On my blackboard in my school room I had a "Humane List." All boys who had done anything, during the week, to help dumb animals, had their names put on this list.

One day a boy appeared with a pleased expression on his face and wished to have his name put on. I enquired how he had earned it, and he said, "I picked a broken lamp-chimney from the gutter." He then explained that he feared some horse might step on it and cut his feet. Of course I encouraged such thoughtfulness.

A BOSTON TEACHER.

THE PLEASURE OF OUR WORK.

There is a great satisfaction in many ways in working for dumb animals.

If a man attempts to benefit the human race by any great reform in politics or elsewhere, he is almost sure to be attacked by lots of folks with whose practices or interests he in some way conflicts.

He soon finds out the truth of Josh Billings' saying, that "if a man expects to go through this world and please everybody he must travel on a back road."

No matter how good his object or noble his character, as surely as he comes to the front so surely will he be in somebody's way, who will attempt to injure him.

The world has greatly improved, however. In the earlier ages men who attempted to reform politics, religion, or anything else stood a good chance to be beheaded, burned, crucified, or compelled, with Socrates, to drink poison.

There has been greater progress perhaps in the present century than any other. We recollect reading sometime since, how some forty years ago Graham (inventor of Graham bread) tried to lecture in Boston. The bakers made such an uproar that no man dared to let him a hall, and the Mayor sent word to a hotel keeper who proposed to allow him the use of his parlors, that if he did so the city would not be responsible for damages.

In contrast, eight years ago, a friend of ours attacked through nearly every daily paper in Boston the poisonous and dangerous adulteration of articles sold in almost every trade. He gave lectures, read papers before the Boston Board of Trade, the East Boston Trade Association, the National Grange, large meetings of clergy of various denominations, social science meetings, etc., etc.; compelled one large factory to close its doors, and discharge several hundreds of its employes; carried the matter to Washington, obtained a report of a Committee of Congress including over a hundred pages of manuscript evidence, and caused over a hundred thousand copies of it to be sent over this and other countries; and yet he was not mobbed, or required to eat, drink, or inhale any more poison than the average American citizen.

Of course reformers in politics, or anywhere, are always troublesome to somebody.

"I don't like them Methodists," said one Irishman to another, "Because they are so troublesome."

"Yes," answered his friend, "That was just the matter with our Saviour. He would never have been crucified if He hadn't been so troublesome."

The old spirit of disparaging those who serve their fellow men will probably never completely die out until the millenium.

But nowadays there is very little physical

martyrdom, and public men, who have thick skins, fare much better than they used to.

In one of Henry Ward Beecher's prayer meetings, a brother prayed that the Lord would show brother Beecher what a great sinner he had been. Mr. Beecher went on with the prayer meeting without a word. At the close a friend said, "I don't think, brother Beecher, you ought to let such a prayer pass without saying something."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Beecher, "It did the brother a sight of good to make that prayer and I don't believe the Lord cared much about it."

A man from some new Western State once came into the U. S. Senate and thought to immortalize himself by attacking Henry Clay. Mr. Clay quietly read a newspaper and said nothing, and that was the last heard of that man during the session.

But we are wandering. What we mean to say is this: that while lots of people even in this day stand ready to abuse — during their lifetimes — those who have attained prominent positions in serving their fellow men, and try to make out Grant a drunkard, and Lincoln a fool, and George Washington no better than he should be, when we come to the prevention of cruelty to the lower animals, there is hardly a truly good and humane person in the world who does not approve of it, and does not feel some sympathy with those engaged in it.

Speaking from eighteen years' experience we can say truly that while we have had from the friends of animals thousands of kind words, if any one of them has ever found fault with us nobody has told us.

It is a pleasure to work when you have not only the approval of your own conscience but know that in all you do and attempt you will have, for the sake of your cause, the sympathy and kind wishes of all the truly good and humane.

It is a pleasure to work for dumb animals. If you don't believe it, reader, try it.

However prominent you may become, you may be sure that no friend of theirs will ever try to attack or disparage you. In fact you may be sure that nobody will ever seek to injure your power for good, unless moved by some unworthy motive. G. T. A.

THE proudest triumph in a man's life is when he makes a friend of an enemy. The joy is then akin to that which angels feel as they rejoice over a sinner that repenteth.

REPORT all the cases of abuse of horses that come under your observation to the proper authorities, and have the perpetrators of such crimes punished.

BE careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds, or animals.

WHY CHRISTMAS IS CHRISTMAS.

AN OLD, OLD, NEW STORY IN RHYME.

"It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself.

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears — God bless us."
CHARLES DICKENS.

WHAT, tell you a story sweet, as you rock to sleep on my breast —

A "story with Christmas in it, all in flowers of holly dressed,

With merry shouts and music and chimes of joyous bell,

And a Christmas tree all lighted"? Dear, you leave naught to tell.

"Why should they call it Christmas?" Oh, little heathen saint!

When you fold your hands at twilight and kneel in postures quaint,

What words, thou small evangel, fall from thy precious lips?

Whom do you ask to keep you through the long night's eclipse?

She clasped her small hands softly, the sweet voice answered low —

"Please God — bless papa — mamma — and — make — me — good — to — go —

To heaven — and — and s'cuse me — if I die before I wake — when —

I tan't remember all — for Christ our Saviour's sake! Amen!"

And who was Christ, our Saviour? Come darling, tell me true:

"Why, a great, big angel somewhere, that's old and wise, like you —

Somewhere — oh, dear, I've sleepy — away up in the sky —

Will I have a ladder, aunty, to climb there, by-and-by?"

Poor babe! 'Twas I who taught thee in such exalted mood;

I've held the hay too high pet — my lamb is starved for food!

And since thou dost not know Him who gave us Christmas cheer,

I'll tell the old, old story of his brief tarry here:

He made the first fair Christmas when he came a heavenly babe,

In the lowly stable manger 'mid the kneeling oxen laid —

A wee, sweet, dark faced baby, of Jewish people born,

Prince of the house of David, he came that Christmas morn!

He drew all people to him, this wondrous manger-child,

The little Saviour Jesus, of whom none said "He smiled!"

Who played not among children, in merry, mirthful guise,

But as he grew in stature was patient, grave and wise.

At twelve he taught the elders, and in manhood it is told

How he worked, the son of Joseph, in the humble craft of old;

In the workshop of his father with hammer and with saw,

As a carpenter he labored, till he knew the heavenly law.

And they tell, how, sore and weary, after days of toil and care,

He looked toward Jerusalem and saw his future there,

And throwing down the implements of labor and of loss,

He stretched forth weary arms and made the shadow of the cross.

They say the robin-redbreast, a bird that Christ hath blessed,

With his blood he marked the color on its glowing crimson breast;

In its bill it brought him water, when he hung upon the tree,

Where, you know, his people nailed him, when he died for you and me.

What! not crying, are you, darling? Why you know, each Christmas Day,

He leaves his heavenly kingdom and returns to earth to stay

With the good and happy children who meet to sing his praise.

He loves to come and tarry, these joyous Christmas Days,

And the poorest ones among us, the lowly, the oppressed —

However poor their dwelling — may have him for their guest,

This Saviour whom you kneel to, my darling, when you pray,

Was the heavenly little baby who was born on Christmas Day.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

"Blessed are the Merciful."

Kind Words, Noble Deeds, Happy Lives.



"Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true Badge."

MEMORY JEWEL.

Fold and keep in pocket or home.

BAND OF MERCY OF AMERICA AND OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Goddard Building, 19 Milk St., cor. Hawley, Boston.

PROMISE OF LIFE MEMBERSHIP.

I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage.

Name.....

Date.....

I certify that above signer is a member of the Parent American Band of Mercy and a Band of Mercy member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of Parent American Band of Mercy and of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HIS KINDLY NATURE.

(From the Century.)

Otherwise his life at this time differed little from that of ordinary farm-hands. His great strength and intelligence made him a valuable laborer, and his unfailing good temper and flow of rude rustic wit rendered him the most agreeable of comrades. He was always ready with some kindly act or word for others. Once he saved the life of the town drunkard, whom he found freezing by the roadside, by carrying him in his strong arms to the tavern, and working over him till he revived. It is a curious fact that this act of common humanity was regarded as something remarkable in the neighborhood; the grateful sot himself always said "it was mighty clever of Abe to tote me so far that cold night." It was also considered an eccentricity that he hated and preached against cruelty to animals. Some of his comrades remember still his bursts of righteous wrath, when a boy, against the wanton murder of turtles and other creatures. *He was evidently of better and finer clay than his fellows, even in those wild and ignorant days.*

DANIEL WEBSTER'S OXEN.

Of oxen Mr. Webster was always fond, and was as good a judge of them as could anywhere be found. He knew all his own by name, kept track of their ages and peculiarities, and frequently wrote home from the national capital directing such and such a yoke to be sold and replaced by others in order to keep his stock always at the best. On his return from Washington they were among the first objects of his thought, and sometimes, after entering the house and greeting the members of his family, he would, without sitting down, go out to the barn to see those dumb members of his larger family, going from one to the other, patting and stroking their faces, and feeding them from his hands. Equally fond was he of showing them to his guests. On one occasion, as he stood thus with a friend, feeding them with ears of corn, his son Fletcher amused himself by playing with the dog. "My son," said Mr. Webster, "You do not seem to care much for this. For my part I like it. I would rather be here than in the Senate. I find it better company." Every one remembers how, only about a week before his death, he had them driven up into the lane before the house in order that he might see them for the last time. Such glimpses as these are worth whole volumes in revealing to us the real character of the man. — *Providence Journal.*

A little Lowell girl, who had been carefully trained by her mother, was being dressed for church Sunday. The gay gown had been put on, and the little one surveyed herself with evident satisfaction. "Mamma," she said, "does God see everything?" "Certainly, dear," said the mother. "Does He see me now?" "Why, yes," replied the astonished matron. "Well, then, He sees a pretty, neat-looking little girl, doesn't He, mamma." — *Lowell Courier.*

BAND OF MERCY OF AMERICA

FOUNDED BY

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

EACH School Teacher can become a Life Member of the "AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY," which has on its rolls many of the most distinguished men and women of the country, including the *President of the United States, Governors of States, Judges of Courts, Archbishops, Bishops—Protestant and Roman Catholic, etc., etc.*; also, a "Band of Mercy" Member of the "MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS," *without any cost whatever*, by simply signing the pledge.

Each teacher who sends to GEO. T. ANGELL, *President, 19 Milk Street, Boston*, the signatures of twenty or more pupils to a similar pledge written on paper, also the name selected for the Band, and the name and post-office direction of the teacher who signs the pledge and is President of the Band, will receive post-paid and without cost:

1st. *For the teacher*: An imitation gold badge of the "Band of Mercy."

2d. *For each Member*: A certificate of membership.

4th. Duty to God who created and gave them requires it.

5th. Because it adds to the happiness of every human being through life to love and be kind to the lower animals.

6th. Because it has been proved in numerous schools of various nations that those taught to be doing kind acts daily to the lower races—feeding the birds, patting the horses, talking kindly to all sensitive creatures, &c., become in all the relations of life better men and women.

There have been formed in the United States and Canada over five thousand one hundred and sixty-two branches, with above four hundred thousand members. They are *mostly* in schools, from the primary to the college, and in Sunday-schools of all denominations, Protestant and Roman Catholic.

The Certificate of Membership appears on another page.

SIGNING THE PLEDGE OF THE BAND OF MERCY.



PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

3d. A copy of "*Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals.*"

4th. Fifty-two Band of Mercy Hymns and Songs, and

5th. Our monthly paper "*Our Dumb Animals*" for one year.

All that our Society requires in return for all these is simply the signatures of the teacher and pupils to the pledge, and that the members *repeat the pledge orally once a month, occupying less than one minute*. The teacher is President of the Band, and no other officer is required.

In the "*Twelve Lessons*" and "*Our Dumb Animals*," will be found full instructions for Bands that wish to do more than repeat the pledge.

Why should we teach kindness to the lower animals?

1st. Public health requires kind treatment to give us wholesome meats—and milk, and milk products that are not poisonous.

2d. Agriculture requires the protection of our insect-eating birds and their nests.

3d. Gratitude requires it for the services they render us, and the happiness they bring into our lives.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the "Parent American Band of Mercy,"

19 MILK STREET, BOSTON.

As we receive at our Boston Offices thousands of letters from all over the world, it is necessary to write **plainly** Signatures and Post Office direction, with **Name of State**, as well as Town or City, and **always write with ink—never with pencil.**

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

HARK! the bells of Christmas ringing!
All abroad their echoes flinging!
Wider still and wider ringing
On the waste of wintry air.
On their solemn, swift vibrations,
Rapture, rapture through the nations!
Rapture, till their glad pulsations
Million blissful bosoms share!

Still the bells ring softly, sweetly,
Mingling all their chimes so meetly,
Trancing all my soul completely,
Till the rosy clouds divide;
And o'er Bethlehem's mountains hoary
Bursts a strange celestial glory,
Swell a sweet seraphic story,
Trembling o'er the pastures wide.

— G. L. Taylor, D. D.

(From School and Home.)

A CAT'S VIEW OF LIFE.

This is the very worst world that I ever got into. I declare, a cat can't do a single thing, but what some one gets after it. This morning, when I woke up, I felt thirsty. As I like fresh water, I was just ready to take a cool drink from the bucket, when I heard "scat!"

Well, of course I had to run. As I could not get the water, I went to the spring-house. There was a nice pan of milk on the table. I took a drink from this pan. Before I knew it, Mary Jane gave me an awful slap.

I ran into the yard and stayed there till I felt hungry. Then I tried to catch a mouse or rat in the barn, but none came out.

I went into the dining-room to see what I could get to eat. No one was there, so what could I do but help myself. As I could not see what was on the table, I jumped upon it.

There stood a plate of meat. Now I like meat, but do not get it often. So I was eating finely when quick as thought I was thrown out of the window.

I think the girl treated me very rudely. Don't you think so?

By this time I felt tired, and as the baby lay in a very soft bed, I thought I would lie down beside her.

What did that baby do then but scream, and her father came to see what was the matter.

I saw I had better get out of the way. He threw his slipper at me. I heard him say, "Jack, if you don't make that cat stay in the barn, I'll drown her."

When I heard that, I thought it best to go to the barn and stay there. I don't dare go near the house for fear of being drowned.

Now I ask you, my friend, if this is not a hard world for a cat to live in?

K. H. H.

THE PHILADELPHIA SAMARITANS.

In Bennett street, a narrow alleyway running through from Seventh to Eighth streets, below Chestnut, there stands against the back wall of one of the Chestnut-street stores a box, over which hangs a tattered American flag, and in which, on a soft bed of excelsior, lies a poor little "yallar" dog, grievously wounded, both of his fore legs having been broken by being run over by a watering cart on Eighth and Chestnut streets.

The poor little animal was not without friends in his misfortune, however. There is

pervading the neighborhood of Eighth and Chestnut streets a gang of young newsboys and bootblacks who are not the cleanest or always the most orderly of God's creatures, but that there is a large-sized spark of good in the breast of most of the gamins is shown by their treatment of the poor mutilated animal. As one of them related the circumstances:

"Yes, we saw the poor little fellow git run over and the man that owned him was in a wagon and druv right off 'thout watin' to see what was the matter; and then us fellers picked him up and got a box and fixed it so's he could lay easy, and then we all chucked in and got a horse doctor to fix his leg."

"How much did you have to pay the horse doctor?"

"Well, he done it for us cheap, 'cause we hadn't much cash. He only charged us a quarter. He said it'd be a dollar for anybody else."

"How is the dog coming on now?"

"Oh, bully! he kin most walk. We all chucks in and we gets him a little milk every day and a lot o' meat, and he knows us all, and I guess he'll be all right now pretty soon. I don't know who he'll belong to when he gets well, but I know if I had my legs broke I'd like somebody to take care o' me like we took care o' that dog." — *Philadelphia Press*.

DO YOU SMOKE?

The United States Navy annually takes into its service a large number of apprentice boys who are sent all over the world and taught to be thorough sailors. It has been the policy of the Government, since the war, to educate the "blue-jacket" upon the principle that the more intelligent a man is, the better sailor he is likely to become. There is no lack of candidates for these positions. Hundreds of boys apply, but many are rejected because they cannot pass the physical examination. Major Houston, of the Marine Corps, who is in charge of the Washington Navy Yard barracks, is authority for the statement that *one-fifth of all the boys examined, are rejected on account of heart disease*. His first question to a boy who desires to enlist is, "Do you smoke?" The invariable response is, "No, sir;" but the tell-tale discoloration of the fingers at once shows the truth. The surgeons say that cigarette smoking by boys produces heart disease, and that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the rejection of would-be apprentices, on account of this defect, comes from excessive use of the milder form of the weed. This is a remarkable statement, coming, as it does, from so high an authority, and based upon the results of actual examinations going on day after day, and month after month. — *Scientific American*.

A TEST of the speed of two swallows was made at Pavia, Italy, which showed it to be eighty-seven and a half miles an hour.

"Is there anyone waiting on you, Miss?" asked the head waiter of a Washington hotel. "Oh," she said, blushing, "no, sir; not in Washington." — *Independent*.

THE difference between a cat and a comma is that one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

SELECTED GEMS OF THOUGHT THAT OUGHT TO BE HUNG UP, OR POSTED UP, IN EVERY STABLE.

What Mr. RAREY says: — "Almost every wrong act the horse commits is from mismanagement, fear or excitement; one harsh word will so excite a nervous horse as to increase his pulse ten beats in a minute." "With all our intellect, if we were placed in the horse's situation, it would be difficult for us to understand the driving of some foreigners, of foreign ways and foreign language. We should always recollect that our ways and language are just as foreign and unknown to the horse as any language in the world is to us, and should try to practice what we could understand, were we the horse, endeavoring by some simple means to work on his understanding rather than on the different parts of his body." "Horses know nothing about balking until they are forced into it by bad management. When a horse balks in harness, it is generally from some mismanagement, excitement, confusion, or from not knowing how to pull, but seldom from any unwillingness to perform all that he understands. A free horse in a team may be so anxious to go that when he hears the word he will start with a jump, which will not move the load, but give him so severe a jerk on the shoulders that he will fly back and stop the other horse. Next will come the slashing and cracking of the whip and hallooing of the driver until something is broken or he is through with his course of treatment. But what a mistake the driver makes for whipping his horse for this act! Reason and common sense should teach him that the horse was willing and anxious to go but did not know how to start the load. And should he whip him for that? If so, he should whip him again for not knowing how to talk. You always see horses that have been balked a few times, turn their heads and look back as soon as they are a little frustrated. This is because they have been whipped and are afraid of what is behind them. They deserve sympathy and rational treatment."

Again and again, in his book on horse-breaking, Mr. Rarey dwells upon the importance of being gentle with the horse ("gentling" him as he calls it), approaching him quietly and deliberately so as not to startle or excite him; he speaks of the necessity of having entire control over one's self, because the horse being a timid animal is easily bewildered and frightened, and is thus made the more unfit to understand what is required of him; and after each act of concession on the animal's part, he is to be patted and caressed, and thus confidence, affection and understanding are established between the pupil and the master.

— Selected by G. K.

A New York girl selected a socialist to marry because he loved Herr Most. — *Independent*.

WHAT is culture worth if it is but the white-wash of a rascal? — *Sam Jones*.

TEN most famous pianists of all time: Chopin, Liszt, Beethoven, Mozart, Rubenstein, Thalburg, Mendelssohn, Bach, Von Bülow, Gottschalk.

HOW THE GOVERNOR SIGNED THE PARDON.

(Eugene Field, in *Chicago News*.)

Everybody was afraid of the old Governor because he was so cross and surly. And one morning he was crosser and surlier than ever, because he had been troubled for several days with a matter which he had already decided, but which many people wished to have reversed. A man, found guilty of a crime, had been imprisoned, and there were those who, convinced of his penitence, and knowing that his family needed his support, earnestly sought his pardon. To all these solicitations the old Governor replied "No," and, having made up his mind, the old Governor had no patience with those who persisted. So the old Governor was in high dudgeon one morning, and when he came to his office he said to his secretary: "Admit no one. I am weary of these senseless importunities."

Now, the secretary had a discreet regard for the old Governor's feelings, and it was seldom that his presence of mind so far deserted him as to admit of his suffering the old Governor's wishes to be disregarded. He bolted the door and sat himself down at his modest desk, and simulated intense enthusiasm in his work.

His simulation was more intense than usual, for never before had the secretary seen the old Governor in such harsh mood.

"Has the mail come? Where are the papers and the letters?" demanded the old Governor, in a gruff voice.

"Here they are, sir," said the secretary, as he put the bundle on the old Governor's table. "These are addressed to you privately; the business letters are on my desk. Would you like to see them now?"

"No, not now," growled the old Governor; "I will read the papers and my private correspondence first."



MOTHER AND CHILD.

But the old Governor found cause for uneasiness. The papers discussed the imprisoned man, and these private letters came from certain of the old Governor's friends, who, strangely enough, exhibited an interest in the self-same prisoner. The old Governor was disgusted.

"They should mind their own business," muttered the old Governor. "The papers are officious, and these other people are impertinent. My mind is made up—nothing shall change it."

Then the old Governor turned to his private secretary, and bade him bring the business letters, and presently the private secretary could hear the old Governor growling and fumbling over the

pile of correspondence. He knew why the old Governor was excited; many of these letters were petitions touching the imprisoned man.

"Humph!" said the Governor at last. "I'm glad I'm done with them. There are no more, I suppose."

When the secretary made no reply, the old Governor was surprised. He wheeled in his chair and searchingly regarded the secretary over his spectacles. He saw that the secretary was strangely embarrassed.

"You have not shown all," said the Governor, sternly. "What is it you have kept back?"

Then the secretary said: "It is nothing but a little child's letter—I thought I would not bother you with it."

The Governor was interested. A child's letter—what could it be about? Such a thing had never happened before.

"A child's letter! Let me see it," said the Governor, and, although his voice was harsh, somewhat of a tender light came into his eyes.

"'Tis nothing but a scrawl," explained the secretary, "and it comes from the prisoner's child—Monckton's little girl—Monckton, the forger, you know. Of course there's nothing in it—a mere scrawl; for the child is only four years old. But the gentle-

man who sends it says the child brought it to him and asked him to send it to the Governor."

The Governor took the letter, and he scanned it curiously. What a wonderful letter it was, and who but a little child could have written it! Such strange hieroglyphics and crooked lines—it was a wonderful letter, as you can imagine.

But the old Governor saw something more than the hieroglyphics and crooked lines and rude pencillings. He could see in and between the lines of the little child's letter a sweetness and a pathos he had never seen before, and on the crumpled sheet he found a love like the love

his bereaved heart had vainly yearned for, oh! so many years.

As the old Governor looked upon the crumpled page and saw and heard the pleadings of the child's letter, he thought of his own little one—God rest her innocent soul! And it seemed to him as if he could hear her dear baby voice joining with this other's in trustful pleading.

The secretary was amazed when the old Governor said: "Give me a pardon blank." But what most amazed him was the tremulous tenderness in the old Governor's voice and the mistiness behind the old Governor's spectacles, as he folded the crumpled page and put it carefully in the breast-pocket of his greatcoat.

"Humph," thought the secretary, "the old Governor has a kinder heart than any of us suspected."

When the prisoner was pardoned and came from his cell, people grasped him by the hand and said: "We saved you."

But the secretary knew, and the old Governor, too—God bless him for his human heart!—they knew that a dimpled baby hand opened those prison doors.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

WHITE JAPANESE RATS.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 17, 1886.

Dear "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."—I regret to have been so long redeeming my promise to supplement my "White Mouse" sketch by a little history of those larger but equally interesting rodents, the white rat. My first acquaintance with the species was begun by an introduction to "Patty" and her six babies. The latter were not then very pretty because of their extreme youth, being only a few days old, blind as kittens and with only the faintest suspicion of fur. But Patty thought them the most beautiful objects in the world and resented any interference with them. Did any one venture to lay a finger on one she would grab it in her mouth and cover it up in the nest, first examining it carefully to see if it had sustained any injury, and then cleaning it in the way the cat makes the toilet of herself and her kittens, (and right here permit me to say that *all* animals, if properly cared for and kept supplied with clean materials for their bed and range are entirely cleanly; even the pig enjoys a clean bed fully as much as his owner, and all animals in a wild state are found clean, glossy and wholesome, which cannot be said of all human beings.)

In about ten days after birth Patty's family began to look the color of "blush rose" silk and opened their eyes to the light. They occupied a very large bird cage, and in supplying this with clean (very fine) straw and saw-dust, we turned the whole family out upon a broad window-sill, and when all was ready placed the food inside the cage, which always proved an inducement sufficient for Patty to re-enter and take in the babies, one by one. I noticed that each time, after laying one down, she paused and surveyed the group a moment before going for another. Patty knew what she was about—but I did not—until one day when she made a mis-count. After taking them all in she came out of the cage the seventh time and walked all around it as if hunting for something; not finding what she wished she began to quicken her pace at each circuit around the cage and at last became perfectly frantic; then it dawned upon my obtuse human understanding that Patty imagined she had lost one

of her children; I secretly abstracted one from the nest and laid in her pathway when she was not looking; as she came around and discovered it she joyfully clasped it in her mouth and retired, perfectly satisfied, to her nest.

Even before their eyes were open Patty's children waddled around the nest quite lively, but when they were enabled to see, the little scamps got out from between the wires at every opportunity. Wide, flat perches were laid from top to bottom of the cage, and when they first began to climb these Patty would "haul" them down and return them to the nest, with an air of great decision; but as soon as one was put in bed another was out, and the expression of discouragement and dismay depicted upon her countenance was quite ludicrous; they not only refused to stay in bed but saucily ran after her and jumped about her with the most astonishing disregard of her wishes and commands, till at last there came a day when, as plain as could be, she gave up the contest and declared she could do nothing with them; for they hopped into her face and bit her ears and played with her tail and, in fact, were perfectly lawless. They also chased and played with each other, just as young kittens do, took each other down and bit, kicked and squealed in infinite delight. Like mice, they become very tame when handled, and they soon learned the hand of a friend, also that of a stranger. They always came upon the outstretched hand of the members of the family, making the circuit up one arm and down another. They were very inquisitive, and would stand on our shoulders on their little hind feet and investigate our ears with their noses and fore "paws." These fore paws, by the way, present one of Nature's finest handiworks—being from the tips of the *four* fingers to the shoulder, of beautiful shape—the "hand" of a satin softness, and no lady uses her hand and fingers more delicately or gracefully, in eating or otherwise, than both infant and adult white rats. Even when the babies were but six days old they would try to wash their ridiculous little noses and ears with their pretty little fists, and, like human babies, when aiming for their ears were quite as likely to hit their noses.

After the family of Patty was partially grown, a friend brought upon the scene a Japanese or black and white rat. The white rat has red eyes, but the eyes of the Japanese are black, as is also his head and ears, and a black streak usually runs from the back of the head to the tail. They are alike in their habits and live together in peace and harmony, a mother rearing young of both kinds. Unlike the white mouse, whose mate assists her in the care of the young family, the rat-mother ejects her partner from the house and home, and stands guard between him and their children with teeth and claws, so that he is fain to humbly retire to the farthest corner and not even look towards them. Like the mouse, she will adopt other and motherless little rats and care for them as her own.

The rats will eat everything a human being does, from a bit of mince pie to a leaf of lettuce; the young are very fond of lettuce and pure canary seed and thrive upon it. They love milk and cream and sweetened tea and coffee; indeed they have a decidedly sweet tooth. Our especial pet now, a Japanese, — *Baby* by name — a name entirely suited to him, — will beg for chocolate cream drops, and loves cinnamon and peppermint lozenges; and how do you suppose we know what he wants? Why, don't be shocked, if he can get on our shoulders he tries to open our lips with his little clean white claws! and there was never a

more intelligent eye, and he wouldn't bite, I verily believe, if we should hurt him very much. He gets rolled and tossed and rubbed and enjoys it fully as much as a cat. He has no cage, but simply sleeps in a paper box on a broad window-sill with a strip nailed across to keep the sawdust from falling on the floor. Back of him is a wire fly-screen, and above it a long perch. For exercise he climbs the screen and mounts the perch and seldom gets on to the floor unless accidentally falling. Then he will run like a kitten to the hand that feeds him and is readily captured.

There is a vast difference in the disposition of the male and the mother rats. The former are invariably (if properly treated) gentle, sociable and affectionate; the latter are extremely nervous, active and not so fond of being petted. The mothers will bite the hand of a stranger who tries to handle their young, but to those who have raised them are confiding and harmless. It would take more space than even *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* would wish to give in a single article to detail the tricks and pranks and cunning ways, and lovable traits of a family of white or Japanese rats.

Yours truly,

C. M. FAIRCHILD.

A TIMELY WARNING.

While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific, three months ago, a flock of small birds about the size, shape and color of parquets settled down in the rigging and passed an hour or more resting. The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too spry to be seized by the quick hands of the sailors. At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course, and disappeared, but towards nightfall they came back and passed the night in the main-top. The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they returned at noon, the sailors scattered some food about the decks. By this time the birds had become so tame that they hopped about the decks picking up the crumbs. That afternoon an astonishing thing happened. The flock came flying swiftly toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little invisible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down behind the deck-house. The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm. The storm came about twenty minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. For a few minutes the sky was like the waterless bottom of a lake—a vast arch of yellowish mud—and torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard, no one knows; but on reaching port, two days later, the captain learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea. The birds left the vessel on the morning after the storm and were not seen again. — *Maryland Bulletin*.

BEETHOVEN composed for the piano at ten, and wrote a cantata; but he attracted little attention until he was twenty-five, and not till thirty did he find his work appreciated.

KILLING ANIMALS HUMANELY.

Humanity requires that animals be killed in the quickest and least painful manner. The following circular has been sent to the police of all our Massachusetts cities, to our agents through the State, and has been widely distributed from our office.

THE HORSE.

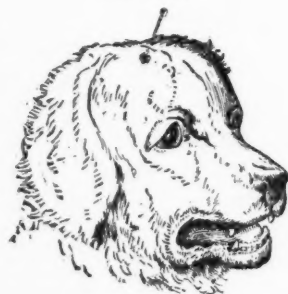


Shooting.—Place the pistol muzzle within a few inches of the head, and shoot at the dot, aiming toward the centre of the head.

Blows.—Blindfold and, with a heavy axe or hammer, strike just below the foretop at the point indicated in the present cut. Two vigorous, well-directed blows will make death sure.

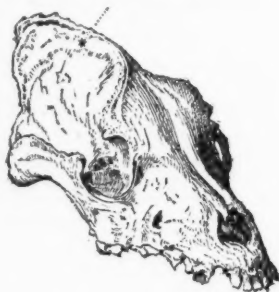
Be careful not to shoot or strike too low.

THE DOG.



Shooting.—Place the pistol muzzle near the head, aiming a little one side of the centre of the top of the skull, and shoot downward at the dot so that the bullet shall go through the brain into or toward the neck.

Do not shoot too low, or directly in the middle, on account of thick bones.



After much consultation with Veterinary Surgeons and experts, no better or more merciful method of killing cats has been found than to put with a long handled wooden spoon about

half a teaspoonful of *pure* cyanide of potassium on the cat's tongue as near the throat as possible. The suffering is only for a few seconds. Great care must be used to get *pure* cyanide of potassium, and to keep it tightly corked.

(For "Our Dumb Animals.")

THE PERFECTIBILITY OF ANIMALS.

The fancy readily suggests itself—and reason and experience seem to confirm it, and establish it as a fact—that animals look to mankind as a sort of earthly Providence. A lower class in the scale of creation, it is not improbable that they are confided to our care as regards the development of their intelligence and soul. It is surely not too much to claim for our domestic animals the possession of a soul, since we see them every day in the exercise of the very virtues which are distinctively those upon which practical religion is founded—affection, trust, faithfulness, gentleness. However, it must be confessed that the heathen of the fourfooted world, the tiger, the panther, the lion, would be difficult subjects for missionary labor, and likely to give the proselytizing party a very bad quarter hour before his own conversion into a meal!

M. Victor Mennier has lately published a volume upon the Perfectibility of Animals, in which he sustains the theory that the higher orders of animals are able to receive, within certain limitations, that advantage called by Buffon: "education of the species," by which mankind progresses.

For example, charity is the greatest of the virtues by which men endeavor to approach the celestial ideal; M. Mennier cites an example of active charity of a horse:

A certain Crozet, he relates, a merchant in the Rue Vieille-du-Temple, Paris, had two horses, employed in his business. On the 27th of April, 1883, one of them was taken out in the morning, and when he was brought home to his stable at 2 p. m., received his ration of oats. The other horse had had his at noon. Presently M. Crozet went to look at his horses, and saw that the oats given to the horse which had been out in the morning, had been displaced in the crib so that they were in reach of the horse that had dined at noon. M. Crozet, supposing it to be the carelessness of the hostler, put back all the feed near the horse to which it belonged. Then the generous animal thrust his nose into the oats and pushed the share of them that his master had restored to him, toward the other horse, who evidently was begging for another mouthful.

M. Mennier makes another extraordinary fact: At Chaigues, a certain Mme. Goudet had set a hen upon some duck's eggs. They were hatched, and the little ducklings started at once for the water, to the alarm and surprise of their step-mamma. But there was nothing to be done about it, and the hen resigned herself. But the next time that she was set upon a nest of duck's eggs, she broke them all with her bill. Mme. Goudet, supposing it to be a mere freak, set the hen upon still another lot of duck's eggs, which met with the same fate. So the housewife, to pacify the hen, gave her a nestfull of hen's eggs, and for three days the good bird attended faithfully to her task. On the fourth day when the hen had left the nest to take some food, the mistress substituted duck's eggs for those in the nest, but as soon as the hen returned she broke them all, not with her bill as before, but trampling upon them with much con-

tempt. And after that the victorious hen was never required to hatch ducks!

Having transcribed this anecdote, the puzzling question occurs: What virtue is exemplified by the hen? Suppose we say, then, that charity begins at home, and that the hen declined to accept outside duties before fulfilling her own responsibilities.

Mr. John Lubbock taught his dogs to select among printed cards the one containing the word which expressed their wish of the moment—bone, hungry, thirsty, etc.

One naturalist succeeded in teaching dogs to speak some easy words like mamma, papa, etc.; and hence M. Mennier is of the opinion that in certain animals there is the possibility of rendering much more articulate the natural sounds of their voice, and hence learning to speak. We see extraordinary proof of this in parrots; both as regards the mechanism and the ideas which form intelligent and intelligible speech. A case is attested of a young cat that—besides the varied and expressive intonations natural to these animals as a means of communication among themselves—had the habit of imitating the voice of its mistress, and would repeat immediately after the lady, her call to her maid, a little exclamation of surprise, or any intonation which was emphatic or unusual, and hence attracted the notice of the cat.

The scientist, Prof. Roujon, writes apropos of the work of M. Mennier that he does not at all doubt that, by powers of selection, animals can be made to speak.

Tremendous responsibility of whoever gives them this faculty! E. CAVAZZA.

IF YOU HIRE A HORSE AT A LIVERY STABLE

you ought to treat him as if he were your own. If you drive out ten miles, you ought not to attend to your own wants until you see him properly cared for. If an honest man, you will remember that you are under a two-fold obligation to that animal—an obligation to its owner and an obligation to the animal. You are the debtor of both, and though you pay the price of the horse, yet no money can release you from the duty and moral claim involved in the bargain between yourself and the owner. To neglect the poor speechless beast, that cannot appeal in your tongue to the commiseration of a passer-by, is simply unpardonable, and the man who is guilty of such neglect is worse than a man. The arrant infidelity of Balaam and his sordid love of money, are secondary crimes compared with his brutal abuse of the ass which he rode, and the Lord wrought a miracle to secure allowed remonstrance. We have but one instance in the whole Bible of a dumb animal speaking, and the miracle was wrought to condemn the sin of cruelty to animals.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

There died a few days ago in Waterbury a man who began life in the narrowest circumstances. He learned the trade of a machinist, and he gave his whole soul to his trade. By and by he startled wire manufacturers by producing a cold-reducing machine by which wire was drawn cold. Seeing one day a woman fretting because she had pricked her finger with a pin, he was set to thinking, and in a week had devised the valuable safety pin. His name was E. J. Manville. He died a rich man.

THE CONN. DEACON AND THE CLAMS.

A good old Deacon in Connecticut was very pious and fond of clams. When once upon a time he attended a Rhode Island clam-bake he overtaxed his capacity and was sorely distressed. But his faith in prayer was unabated. Leaving the party, and going down on his knees behind a tree, he was heard to supplicate: "Forgive me, O Lord, this great sin of gluttony. Restore my health, and I will never eat any more clams." Then, after a pause, — very few, — if any. Amen.

"MY SMOKE-HOUSE."

A man who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "that is my smoke-house."

"Your smoke-house! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I have put the money saved from smoke, with the interest, into my house. So I call it my smoke-house." — *Exchange.*

THANK YOU, SIR.

A gentleman on the Highlands has been troubled by English sparrows, which made a home on the coping of his house, and he attempted to keep them away by coverings of cloth netting. The next day the little birds had made nests of the material, and were chirping their gratitude to the furnisher. — *Lynn Item.*

KEEP your horses in good condition by feeding and grooming them regularly.

PROLONG the length of the lives and the usefulness of your horses by taking proper care of them.

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The Society has about 600 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

Some years ago a mechanic near New Haven was riding in a railway train and was jolted and jarred as in the early days of railway travel passengers were apt to be. He didn't fret and fume as the other passengers did, but began to study and experiment with a view to making a spring that would reduce the jolting to a minimum. He at last succeeded, and his spring was adopted by every railroad in the country. He is no longer a poor young mechanic. His name is Carlos French, and he has just been elected to Congress from the New Haven district.

PROVIDE good blankets for your teams before cold weather sets in.

Receipts at the Society's Office in October.

FINES.

From Justices' Courts.—Hyde Park, \$10.
Police Courts.—Springfield, (2 cases,) \$15; Haverhill, \$5; Chelsea, \$1; Holyoke, \$20.
District Courts.—Webster, (2 cases,) \$30; Concord, \$5.
Municipal Court.—Boston, (4 cases,) \$35; Brighton, (3 cases,) \$9.
Witness Fees, \$7.95.
Total, \$137.95.

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Mrs. Ernestine May Kettle, \$50; Miss Josephine May, \$50.

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Total, \$344.50.

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Jno. Buckingham, Frank Crawford, Edwin Cushing, Embert Hatfield, Chas. Jaeger, Chas. Lermond, Harry Neal, Jos. S. Packard, Oscar Wiberg, Albert Macgregor, Mary Engebutsen, Total, \$33.75.

OTHER SUMS.

Publications sold, \$12.90.
Total receipts by Secretary, \$519.10.

RECEIVED BY TREASURER.

Estate of Mrs. James M. Beebe, \$2000.
Estate of Daniel D. Kelly, \$500.

Cases Reported at Office in October.

For beating, 23; overworking and overloading, 9; overdriving, 7; driving when lame or galled, 49; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 20; abandoning, 1; torturing, 16; driving when diseased, 6; general cruelty, 38.

Total, 169.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 56; warnings issued, 49; not found, 19; not substantiated, 30; anonymous, 4; prosecuted, 11; convicted, 10; pending, 1.

Animals taken from work, 29; horses and other animals killed, 50.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED FROM KINDRED SOCIETIES.

Animal World, London, England.

Band of Mercy and Humane Educator, Philadelphia, Pa.

Humane Educator, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Humane Journal, Chicago, Ill.

Humane Record, St. Louis, Mo.

Our Animal Friends, New York, N. Y.

Zoophilist, London, England.

Animals' Friend, Geneva, Switzerland.

Animals' Friend, Vienna, Austria.

German P. A. Journal "Ibis," Berlin, Prussia.

Gloucester and Gloucestershire, England. Report of Society P. C. A. for 1885.

PRICES OF HUMANE PUBLICATIONS.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage:

"Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by George T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or	\$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses,"	.45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell,	1.10 "
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell,	1.50 "
"Five Questions Answered," by Geo. T. Angell,	.50 "
"The Check Rein," by Geo. T. Angell,	.60 "
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"Band of Mercy Register," 8 cents.	
"Band of Mercy Cards of Membership," 2 cents each.	

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